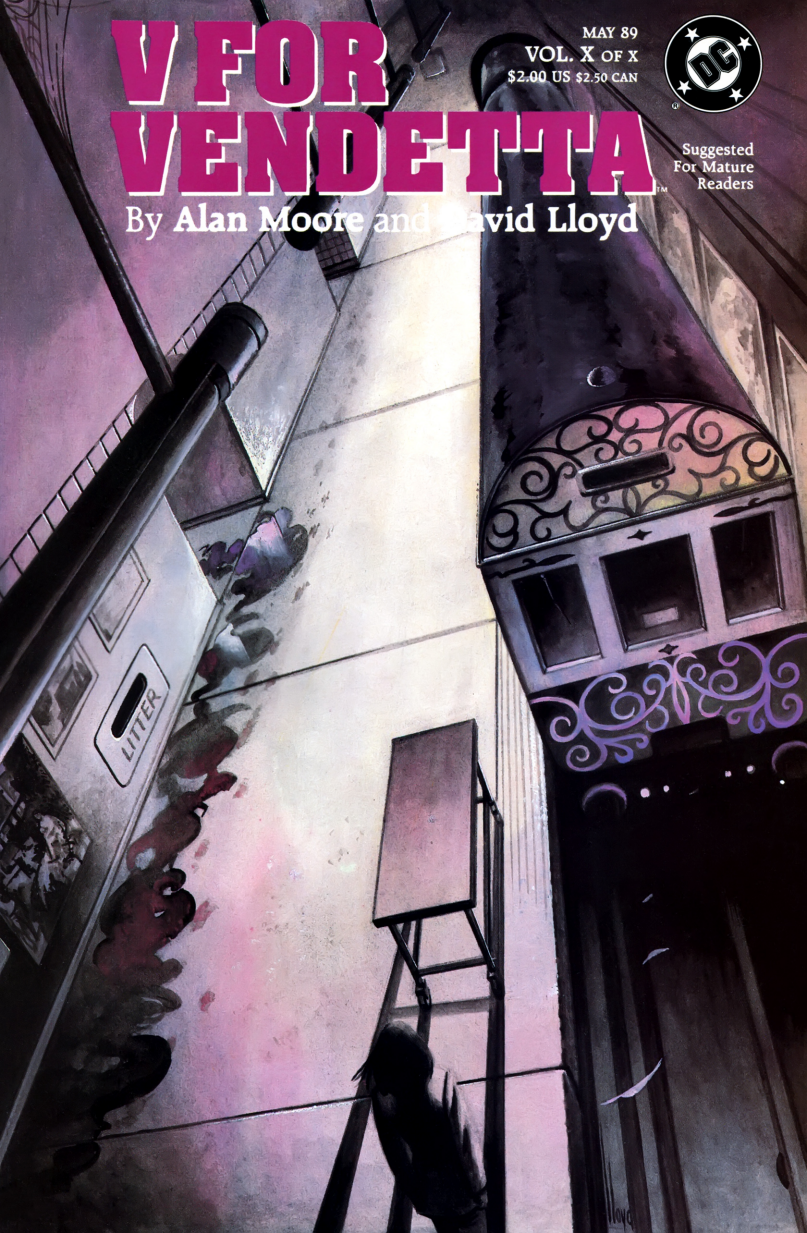
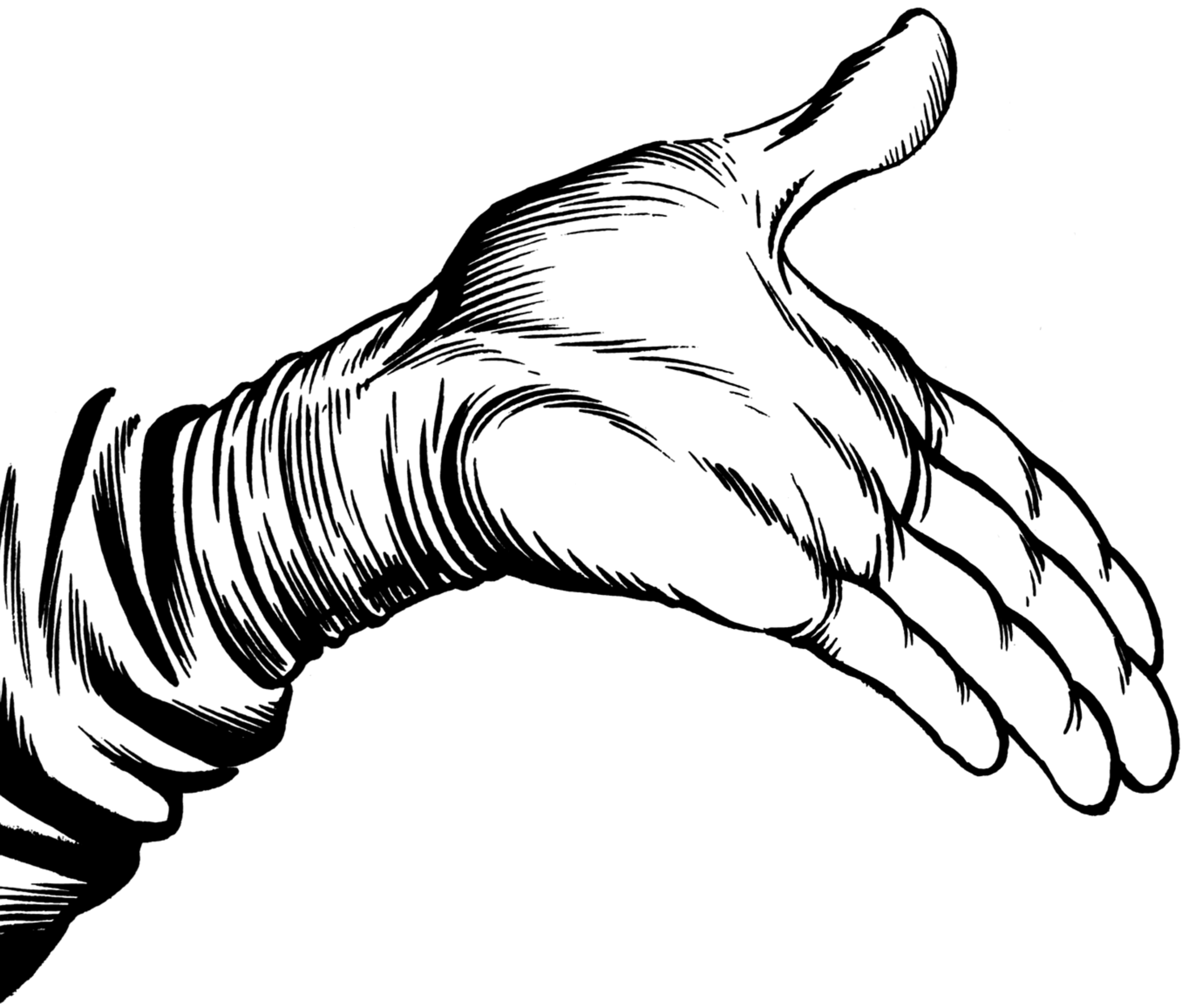

V FOR VENDETTA
By Alan Moore and David Lloyd
MAY 89
VOL. X OF X
$2.00 US $2.50 CAN
Suggested For Mature Readers
LITTER

V FOR VENDETTA™

By **Alan Moore** and **David Lloyd**

Color artists:
Steve Whitaker
Siobhan Dodds
David Lloyd

Lettering:
Steve Craddock



V FOR VENDETTA 10
Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103. © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved.
The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.
All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc.
Printed in Canada. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company.

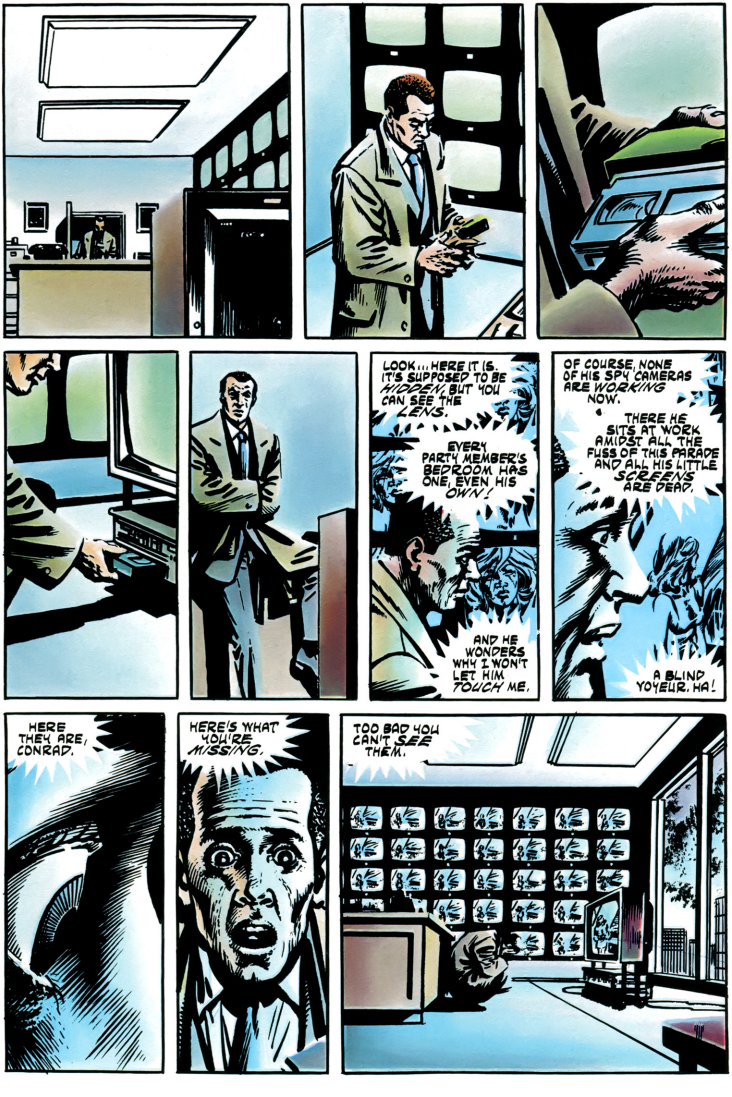
...POINTLESS TRYING. WHAT COULD WE DO WITH HALF HIS HEAD GONE?
SUSAN A. ADAM
...ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME: IS THIS THE MAN THAT HIRED YOU?
...WAITING FOR NEWS OURSELVES. GET REINFORCEMENTS INTO PECKHAM AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.
CONRAD? WELL, SAY SOMETHING, FOR GOD'S SAKE! IS HE DEAD?
GENTLEMEN, QUIET, PLEASE...
IT'S MY SAD DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT OUR BELOVED LEADER, ADAM JAMES SUSAN, HAS DIED OF THE INJURIES INFLICTED EARLIER TODAY.
A STATE OF EMERGENCY IS HEREBY DECLARED, AND FOR ITS DURATION, THE TASK OF MAINTAINING ORDER WILL NATURALLY PASS TO THE FINGER.
WHAT? WAIT A MINUTE...
CONRAD SHUT UP! IT'S ALL RIGHT. LET HIM FINISH.
OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS THIS "V" BUSINESS. BEFORE LUNCH WE RECEIVED A COMMUNIQUE, POSTMARKED YESTERDAY.
CODENAME V INTENDS TO APPEAR AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT; NO DOUBT PROVOKING FURTHER DISORDER.
WE MUST THEREFORE...
HE'S DEAD.
CODENAME V.
HE'S DEAD.
I SHOT HIM.
CHAPTER 3
VULTURES

DO... DO YOU THINK HE'S REALLY DEAD? THE TERRORIST. LIKE FINCH SAID?
FINCH IS HALF OUT OF HIS MIND ON DRUGS, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. STILL, HE'S A BORING, RELIABLE LITTLE MAN...
HE PROBABLY DID IT.

PARCEL ARRIVED FOR YOU, MR. HEYER.
HM? OH... THANK YOU...
THE QUESTION IS, WHAT NEXT? THE ASSASSINATION'S TAKEN US ALL BY SURPRISE. RIGHT NOW, THIS COUNTRY'S A POLITICAL VACUUM.
NOBODY'S IN CHARGE.

OF COURSE, CREEDY THINKS HE IS. I HOPE HE ENJOYS THE FEELING WHILE IT LASTS.
THINGS NEED ARRANGING, SO I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT, AND WHO KNOWS, YOU LUCKY BOY...
...BY TONIGHT, I MIGHT BE IN QUITE A GOOD MOOD.

MR. FINCH...? LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE STILL SHOOK UP AND CONFUSED FROM THE DRUGS, BUT...
WELL, WE NEED TO KNOW CERTAIN THINGS: ARE YOU SURE YOU KILLED THE TERRORIST?
MORTALLY WOUNDED, YES, I'M SURE.
I MEAN, THE AMOUNT OF BLOOD, I MUST HAVE KILLED HIM, BUT...
BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MY BACK WAS TURNED, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS THERE...
...AND WHEN HE ALERTED ME, PULLING MY GUN OUT, I WAS SO SLOW...
I MEAN, HE'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, HE COULD HAVE STOPPED ME. HE...
HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME.
HM. YES, WELL, WE'LL TAKE IT HE'S DEAD, THEN...
...SO THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS, WHERE DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?
VICTORIA
THIS STATION CLOSED
I, UH...
DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER.
MUST BE THE DRUGS, EH?


LOOK... HERE IT IS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN, BUT YOU CAN SEE THE LENS.
EVERY PARTY MEMBER'S BEDROOM HAS ONE, EVEN HIS OWN!
AND HE WONDERS WHY I WON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.
OF COURSE, NONE OF HIS SPY CAMERAS ARE WORKING NOW.
THERE HE SITS AT WORK AMIDST ALL THE FUSS OF THIS PARADE AND ALL HIS LITTLE SCREENS ARE DEAD.
A BLIND VOYEUR. HA!
HERE THEY ARE, CONRAD.
HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.

ATTENTION, LONDON. THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDY SPEAKING.
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL. THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.
IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.
WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT. THE INSURRECTION IS OVER. PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES.
ATTENTION, LONDON.
THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDY SPEAKING...
AFTERNOON, ALLY. MY WORD, YOU PATCHED MY TAPELOOP INTO THE PUBLIC BROADCAST BLOODY QUICK. GOOD WORK, LADS. TOP WANKERS.
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.
THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.
I TELL YOU, WITH SUSAN GONE, OUR PARTNERSHIP'LL REALLY COME INTO ITS OWN!!!
AYE, WELL, A BEN MEANIN' TAE TALK ABOOT THAAT...
GOOD. LET'S TALK. CAN WE TURN THAT THING DOWN?
TERN ET DOON? A WIZ JUST THENKEN ET WIZ A BET QUIET, MASEL'. MEBBE A SHUID TERN ET AIP?
TURN IT UP? COME ON, STOP ARSING AROUND. IT'S DEAFENING. YOU'D HAVE TO SCREAM TO BE HEARD OVER THAT.
AYE, EVEN THEN YE MIGHT HAAV PROBLEMS.
WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.
WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT.
WHAT? I'M NOT...
OH JESUS,
JESUS, ALLY, COME ON, DON'T LARK ABOUT. WHAT IS THIS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? I'M PAYING YOU GOOD MONEY...

THE INSURRECTION IS OVER,
A HAAD A BETTER CHAPPER.
AAA!

OOHUGH, OH NO, OH NO!!!
SHOOT ME, COME ON, EH?, PLEASE,
JUST SHOOT ME.
PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES,!!!

!!!AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES,
A'LL STECK WI' MA MOLLY, EE BET'S AAL THE SAME TE YU, LIKE,
TAE BE PERFECKLY HONEST, A WOULDNAE WASTE THE BULLET.

ATTENTION, LONDON.
THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDY SPEAKING,

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.

THE TERRORIST, CODENAME Y, HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED.

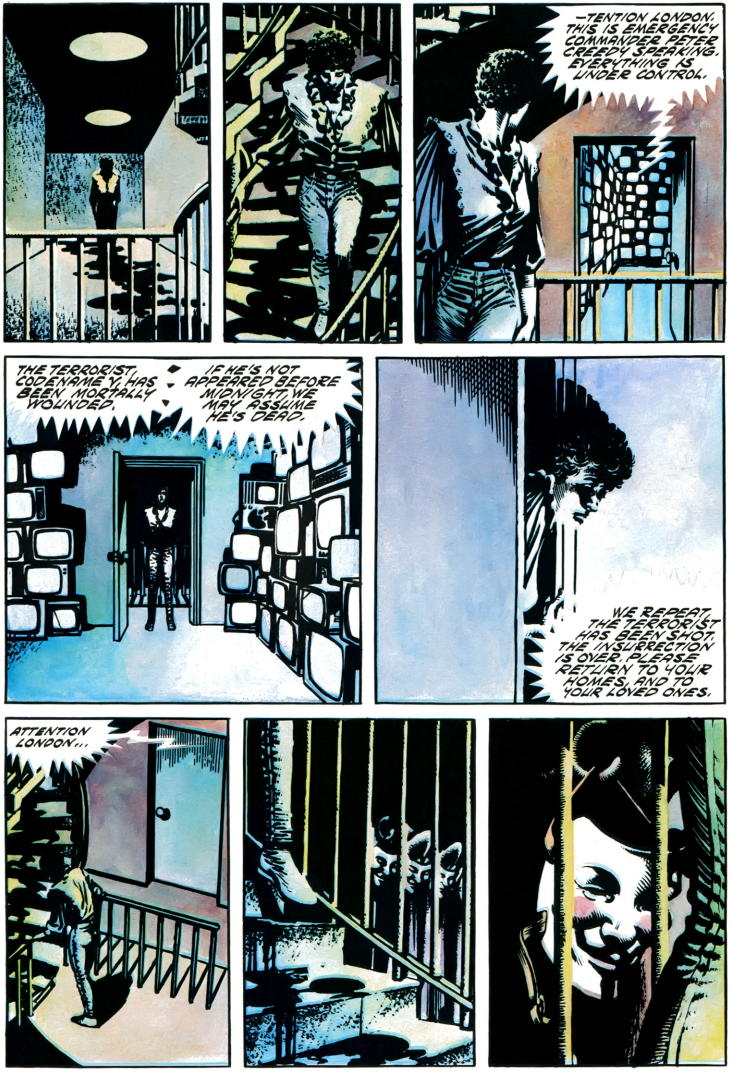
IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.

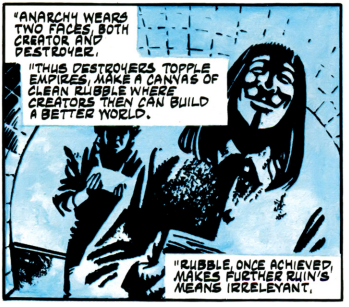
WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT, THE INSURRECTION IS OVER.
PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES,

EVE...
OH, YOU'RE BACK.
YOU JUST WALKED OFF AFTER SHOWING ME THAT TRAIN THING.
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"EVE...
"EVE, LISTEN CAREFULLY. THE ONE I WAITED FOR HAS CALLED, AND NOW I HAVE NOT LONG..."
Y... OH, GOD, DON'T TALK. I'LL GET BANDAGES...
NO... I'D BE DEAD ERE YOU RETURNED, AND THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU MUST KNOW...
"THIS COUNTRY IS NOT SAVED... DO NOT THINK THAT... BUT ALL ITS OLD BELIEFS HAVE COME TO RUBBLE, AND FROM RUBBLE MAY WE BUILD...
"THAT IS THEIR TASK: TO RULE THEMSELVES; THEIR LIVES AND LOVES AND LAND..."
WITH THIS ACHIEVED, THEN LET THEM TALK OF SALVATION. WITHOUT IT, THEY ARE SURELY CARRION.
OH NO, OH PLEASE...
BY TURN OF CENTURY, THEY'LL KNOW THEIR FATE: EITHER A ROSE MIDST RUBBLE BLOOMS, OR ELSE HAS BLOOMED TOO LATE.
"BUT WHAT OF YOU, CHILD, NOW I'M DEAD?"
"YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE!"
"HUSH. FIRST, YOU MUST DISCOVER WHOSE FACE LIES BEHIND THIS MASK, BUT YOU MUST NEVER KNOW MY FACE. IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
...ALSO... THE VICTORIA LINE IS BLOCKED... TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES... GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL...
GOOD LUCK, SWEET EVE. I LOVE YOU.
AVE... ATQUE... VALE...
CHAPTER 9
THE VIGIL

"V?
"YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED, AREN'T YOU?"
"SEE FOR YOURSELF, EVE.
"THE PIECES ARE SET OUT BEFORE ME, PERFECTLY ALIGNED.
"COMPLETE, ONE MAY AT LAST GRASP THEIR DESIGN, THEIR GRAND SIGNIFICANCE."
"...BUT 'ALMOST FINISHED'...?
"YES.
"YES, I SUPPOSE I AM."


—TENTION LONDON. THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDY SPEAKING. EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.
THE TERRORIST, CODENAME 'V,' HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED.
IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MIDNIGHT WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.
WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT. THE INSURRECTION IS OVER. PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES.
ATTENTION LONDON...

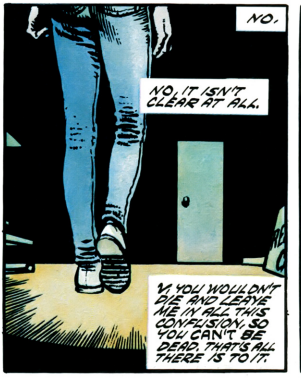

"ANARCHY WEARS TWO FACES, BOTH CREATOR AND DESTROYER.
"THUS DESTROYERS TOPPLE EMPIRES, MAKE A CANVAS OF CLEAN RUBBLE WHERE CREATORS THEN CAN BUILD A BETTER WORLD.
"RUBBLE, ONCE ACHIEVED, MAKES FURTHER RUIN'S MEANS IRRELEVANT.

"AWAY WITH OUR EXPLOSIVES THEN! AWAY WITH OUR DESTROYERS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE WITHIN OUR BETTER WORLD!!!

"BUT LET US RAISE A TOAST TO ALL OUR BOMBERS, ALL OUR BASTARDS, MOST UNLOVELY AND MOST UNFORGIVABLE.
"LET'S DRINK THEIR HEALTH!!!

"!!! THEN MEET WITH THEM NO MORE."

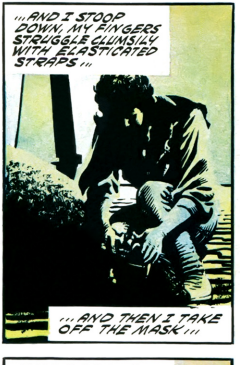
"THE VICTORIA LINE IS BLOCKED!!! 'TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES!!! GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL!!!
"FIRST, YOU MUST DISCOVER WHOSE FACE LIES BEHIND THIS MASK; BUT YOU MUST NEVER KNOW MY FACE. IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"

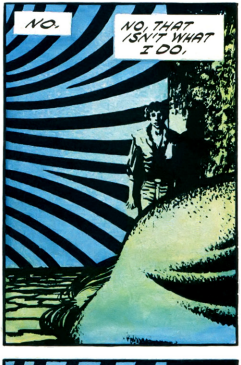

NO.
NO, IT ISN'T CLEAR AT ALL.
IF YOU WOULDN'T DIE AND LEAVE ME IN ALL THIS CONFUSION, SO YOU CAN'T BE DEAD. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.

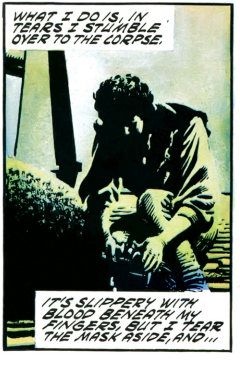
I'M GOING TO WALK UP THESE STAIRS AND THROUGH THAT DOOR AND YOU'LL BE ALIVE AND IT WILL BE JUST ANOTHER MEAN TRICK, ANOTHER PART OF MY EDUCATION.
NO HANGING BACK. STRAIGHT UP THE STAIRS, STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR, AND!!!

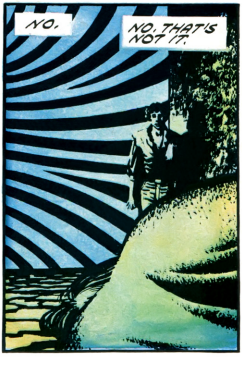
SO.
DEAD THEN.
OH CHRIST. WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? YOU NEVER SAID. YOU NEVER SAID WHAT YOU WERE EDUCATING ME FOR.
YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO.

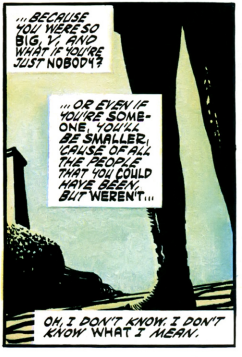
ALL RIGHT.
ALL RIGHT. THEN. WHAT I DO IS THIS:
I WALK TOWARDS THE BODY, VERY QUIETLY, VERY REVERENTLY...


...AND I STOOP DOWN, MY FINGERS STRUGGLE CLUMSILY WITH ELASTICATED STRAPS...
...AND THEN I TAKE OFF THE MASK...


NO.
NO, THAT ISN'T WHAT I DO.


WHAT I DO IS, IN TEARS I STUMBLE OVER TO THE CORPSE.
IT'S SLIPPERY WITH BLOOD BENEATH MY FINGERS, BUT I TEAR THE MASK ASIDE, AND...


NO.
NO, THAT'S NOT IT.


...BECAUSE YOU WERE SO BIG, V. AND WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST NOBODY?
...OR EVEN IF YOU'RE SOMEONE, YOU'LL BE SMALLER, 'CAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN, BUT WEREN'T...
OH, I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

JUST DO IT. THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T. NO ONE HERE TO STOP ME.
I'LL JUST WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR AND TAKE HOLD OF THE MASK, AND...

NO. NO, I'M PAST THAT ONE. YOU WEREN'T MY DAD. I KNOW THAT.
EVEN IF YOU WERE, IT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.

IF I TAKE OFF THAT MASK, SOMETHING WILL GO AWAY FOREVER. BE DIMINISHED BECAUSE WHOEVER YOU ARE ISN'T AS BIG AS THE IDEA OF YOU, BUT... BUT...
BUT YOU SAID I HAD TO, THAT I HAD TO KNOW...

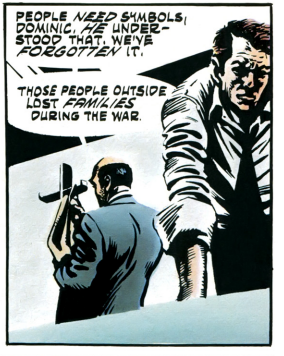
...SO I START WALKING TOWARDS THE BODY, TRYING NOT TO TREAD IN ALL THE BLOOD...
IT DOESN'T MOVE. IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A PERSON ANYMORE. SOMETHING HAS GONE FROM IT.

I KNEEL. MY HANDS ARE TREMBLING. I CAN HARDLY FIND THE FASTENINGS, BUT FINALLY I LIFT AWAY THAT MADDENING SMILE, AND...

...AND AT LAST I KNOW.
I KNOW WHO V MUST BE.

NOVEMBER 9TH, 1998. 3.30 P.M.:

THEY'RE STILL THERE. NOT DOING ANYTHING, MIND. JUST WAITING.
IT'S FUNNY. THEY'RE NOT THE TERRORIST'S FOLLOWERS OR ANYTHING. THEY'RE JUST RIOTERS.
BUT HE'S BECOME SOME SORT OF ALL-PURPOSE SYMBOL TO THEM, HASN'T HE?

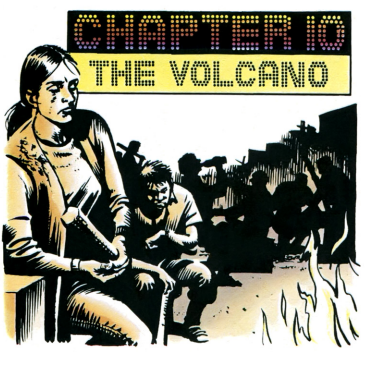

PEOPLE NEED SYMBOLS, DOMINIC. HE UNDERSTOOD THAT. WE'VE FORGOTTEN IT.
THOSE PEOPLE OUTSIDE LOST FAMILIES DURING THE WAR.

WE'VE KEPT THE LID ON THEIR BITTERNESS FOR YEARS, BUT WE HAVEN'T HELPED THEM DEAL WITH IT.
MAYBE HE DIDN'T EITHER, BUT HE CERTAINLY TOOK THE LID OFF...
...JUST LIKE LARKHILL DID FOR ME. EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT NOW, DOMINIC. I DON'T BELONG HERE ANYMORE.

H-YOU'RE GOING ? MR. FINCH, LISTEN, IT'S THE DRUGS...

SUSAN'S DEAD, WITH CREEDY AND HEYER DIVIDING HIS CARCASS. THEY'RE NOT HALLUCINATIONS.
NEITHER WAS THE WAR. I LOST MY FAMILY, AND THOUGHT FOLLOWING ORDERS COULD HEAL THAT.
IT CAN'T.

I'M FOLLOWING MY OWN ORDERS NOW, AND GETTING OUT BEFORE EVERYTHING BLOWS. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD, TOO.
GOODBYE, DOMINIC.
TAKE CARE, LAD.


CHAPTER 10
THE VOLCANO

HULLOO?
SORRY AM LATE AN A' THAT, CREEDY TUKE A BET LOANGER THUN UNTESSAPATED.
STELL, WE GOAT A COUPLE' HOOR BEFORE HUBBY GETS BAAK, EH?
BUT YOU CAN SEE THE LENS,
A CANNAE HEAR A WUD HUR SAYIN', GESSA MENNET AN A'LL BE WI YE,
EH, A SPOAK TAE MOST O'THE CHIEF COAPERS, AN' THEY ACCEPT THE NU MAANAGE-MENT, NAE BATHER.
SEE, THEY DIDNAE LIKE CREEDY EITHER, SO ET LUKES LIKE WE...
EVERY PARTY MEMBER'S BEDROOM HAS ONE, EVEN HIS OWN. AND HE WONDERS WHY I WON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.
OF COURSE, NONE OF HIS SPY CAMERAS ARE WORK-ING NOW.
THERE HE SITS AT WORK AMIDST THE FUSS OF THIS PARADE, AND ALL HIS LITTLE SCREENS ARE DEAD.
A BLIND VOYEUR. HA!
HERE THEY ARE, CONRAD. HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT'S BEEN MANEUVERING HIM INTO A POSITION WHERE HE CAN TAKE CHARGE.
OF COURSE, I'LL BE MAKING ALL THE REAL DECISIONS ... BACKED UP BY YOUR MUSCLE, OBVIOUSLY.
I'M GOING TO BE LIKE EYA PERON, YOU KNOW.

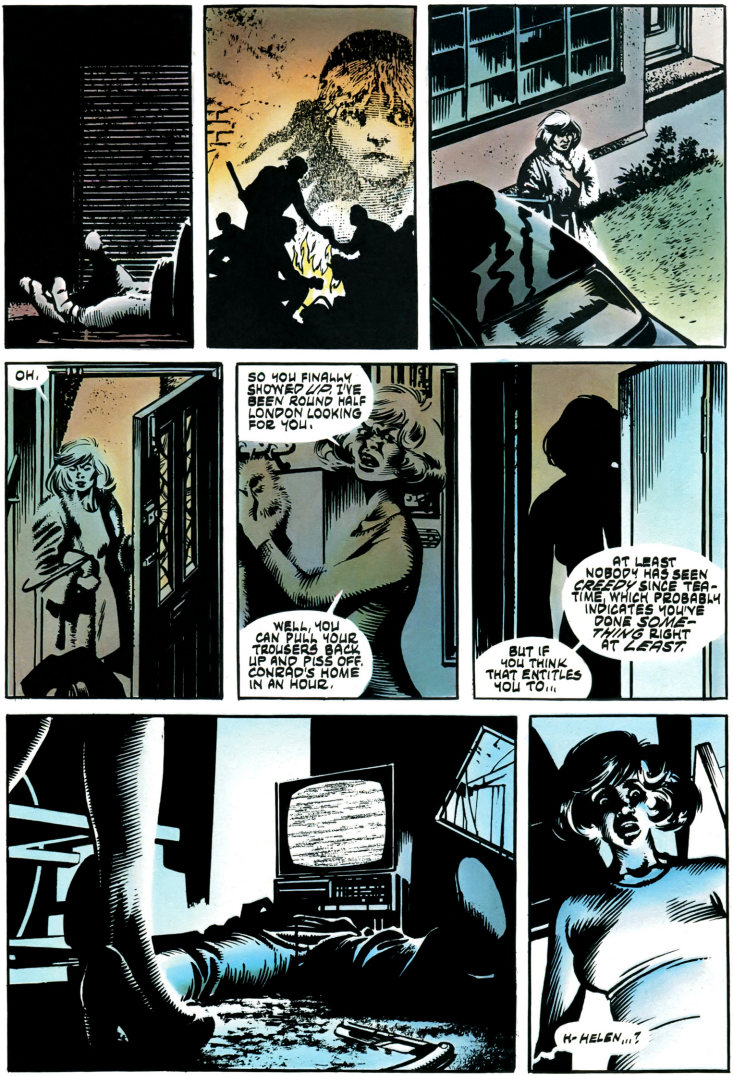
DID YOU EVER SEE 'EVITA'?

DON'T CRY FOR ME, ARGENTINA...

THE TRUTH IS...

OH YES, THAT'S IT. DO IT. DO IT HARD...

THAT'S IT. OH, THAT'S IT. OH DARLING, I'M...!!!


OH.
SO YOU FINALLY SHOWED UP. I'VE BEEN ROUND HALF LONDON LOOKING FOR YOU.
WELL, YOU CAN PULL YOUR TROUSERS BACK UP AND PISS OFF. CONRAD'S HOME IN AN HOUR.
AT LEAST NOBODY HAS SEEN *CREEPY* SINCE TEA-TIME, WHICH PROBABLY INDICATES YOU'VE DONE *SOMETHING* RIGHT AT *LEAST*.
BUT IF YOU THINK THAT ENTITLES YOU TO...
H- HELEN...?

I WON, HELEN...
I WAS... BEST MAN...
HE'S GONE... GONE NOW... WON'T COME... BETWEEN US ...ANYMORE...

CUT ME... HAD A RAZOR ... THINK HE HIT A VEIN...
BUT YOU... YOU CAN GET ME TO A DOCTOR ....
WE'VE BEEN... THROUGH A BAD PATCH, HELEN, BUT...

BUT WE CAN STILL...

DON'T TOUCH ME!
YOU STUPID PIECE OF SHIT. DON'T TOUCH ME!
YOU'VE RUINED IT! YOU'VE RUINED IT ALL!
HELEN...

HOW ARE WE GOING TO CONTROL THE FINGER NOW? CHRIST, I HAD IT PLANNED. I HAD IT ALL PLANNED. OH, YOU STUPID...
H-HELEN...? WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. I KNOW IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE, BUT...
AH. FOUND IT.
HELEN... THERE'S NO TIME... I'M BLEEDING... BLEEDING VERY BADLY...
NEED A DOCTOR ...
OH NO. NO, YOU DON'T.

I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED, CONRAD. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHAT YOU NEED.
YOU NEED TO WATCH, DON'T YOU, CONRAD? NEED TO WATCH IN YOUR WORK; IN YOUR BED...
WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE.

THERE, CONRAD. MY PARTING GIFT.
WATCH THAT.

HELEN?

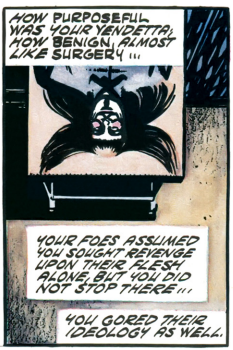
ME? SENIOR AUTHORITY? WELL, WHERE'S CREEPY, FOR GOD'S SAKE? HE SHOULD BE HANDLING THIS.
I SHOULDN'T WORRY, SIR. THEY'LL PROBABLY GIVE UP AND GO HOME AT MIDNIGHT, ONCE THEY ACCEPT THE TERRORIST'S DEAD.
IT'S NEARLY TWELVE NOW...
AH, THERE YOU ARE, SIR.
THERE'S BIG BEN STRIKING THE HOUR NOW.
LOVELY, REASSURING SOUND, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?
UH, YES, YES, I SUPPOSE I...
WAIT A MINUTE...
BIG BEN WAS BLOWN UP TWELVE MONTHS AGO.
THE SPEAKERS! IT'S COMING FROM THE SPEAKERS!
THAT MEANS SOMEONE MUST...
...HAVE...

GOOD EVENING, LONDON.
I WOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF, BUT TRUTH TO TELL, I DO NOT HAVE A NAME.
YOU CAN CALL ME "V".
SINCE MANKIND'S DAWN, A HANDFUL OF OPPRESSORS HAVE ACCEPTED THE RESPONSIBILITY OVER OUR LIVES THAT WE SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED FOR OURSELVES.
BY DOING SO, THEY TOOK OUR POWER.
BY DOING NOTHING, WE GAVE IT AWAY.
WE'VE SEEN WHERE THEIR WAY LEADS, THROUGH CAMPS AND WARS, TOWARDS THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
IN ANARCHY, THERE IS ANOTHER WAY.
WITH ANARCHY, FROM RUBBLE COMES NEW LIFE, HOPE REINSTATED. THEY SAY ANARCHY'S DEAD, BUT SEE...
REPORTS OF MY DEATH WERE...
...EXAGGERATED.
TOMORROW, DOWNING STREET WILL BE DESTROYED, THE HEAD REDUCED TO RUINS, AN END TO WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.
TONIGHT, YOU MUST CHOOSE WHAT COMES NEXT. LIVES OF OUR OWN, OR A RETURN TO CHAINS.
CHOOSE CAREFULLY.
AND SO, ADIEU.

NOVEMBER 10TH, 1998. 2.00 A.M.:

"GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL," YOU SAID.
THAT ISN'T MUCH.
THAT ISN'T MUCH TO ASK.

NOT AFTER ALL YOU DID.
YOU CAME OUT OF AN ABATTOIR UNHARMED, BUT NOT UNCHANGED. AND SAW FREEDOM'S NECESSITY; NOT JUST FOR YOU, BUT FOR US ALL.
YOU SAW, AND, SEEING, DARED TO DO.

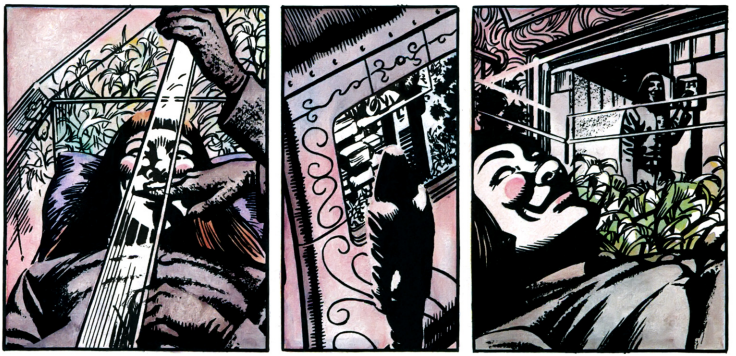

HOW PURPOSEFUL WAS YOUR VENDETTA; HOW BENIGN, ALMOST LIKE SURGERY ...
YOUR FOES ASSUMED YOU SOUGHT REVENGE UPON THEIR FLESH ALONE, BUT YOU DID NOT STOP THERE ...
YOU GORED THEIR IDEOLOGY AS WELL.

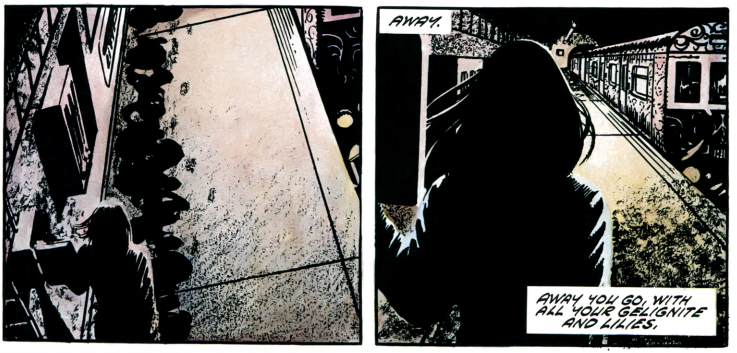
THE PEOPLE STAND WITHIN THE RUINS OF SOCIETY, A JAIL INTENDED TO OUTLIVE THEM ALL.
THE DOOR IS OPEN. THEY CAN LEAVE OR FALL INSTEAD TO SQUABBLING AND THENCE NEW SLAVERIES.

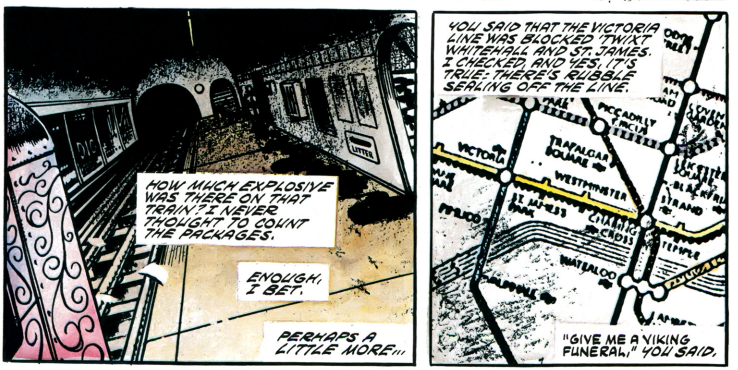
THE CHOICE IS THEIRS, AS EVER IT MUST BE.
I WILL NOT LEAD THEM, BUT I'LL HELP THEM BUILD. HELP THEM CREATE WHERE I'LL NOT HELP THEM KILL.
THE AGE OF KILLERS IS NO MORE.
THEY HAVE NO PLACE WITHIN OUR BETTER WORLD.

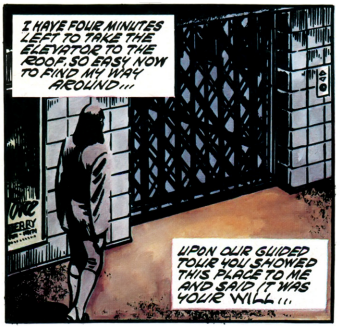
"GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL," YOU SAID.
IT'S YOURS, MY LOVE...

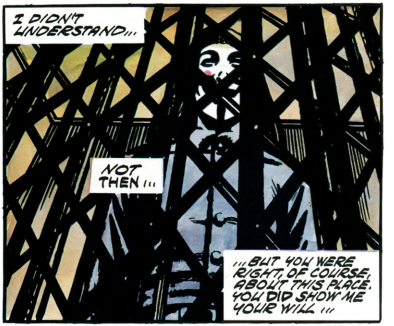
CHAPTER 11
VALHALLA
IT'S YOURS.




AWAY.
AWAY YOU GO, WITH ALL YOUR GELIGNITE AND LILIES.


HOW MUCH EXPLOSIVE WAS THERE ON THAT TRAIN? I NEVER THOUGHT TO COUNT THE PACKAGES.
ENOUGH, I BET.
PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE...
YOU SAID THAT THE VICTORIA LINE WAS BLOCKED 'TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES. I CHECKED, AND YES, IT'S TRUE: THERE'S RUBBLE SEALING OFF THE LINE.
VICTORIA
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
WESTMINSTER
"GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL," YOU SAID.


I HAVE FOUR MINUTES LEFT TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF. SO EASY NOW TO FIND MY WAY AROUND...
UPON OUR GUIDED TOUR YOU SHOWED THIS PLACE TO ME AND SAID IT WAS YOUR WILL...

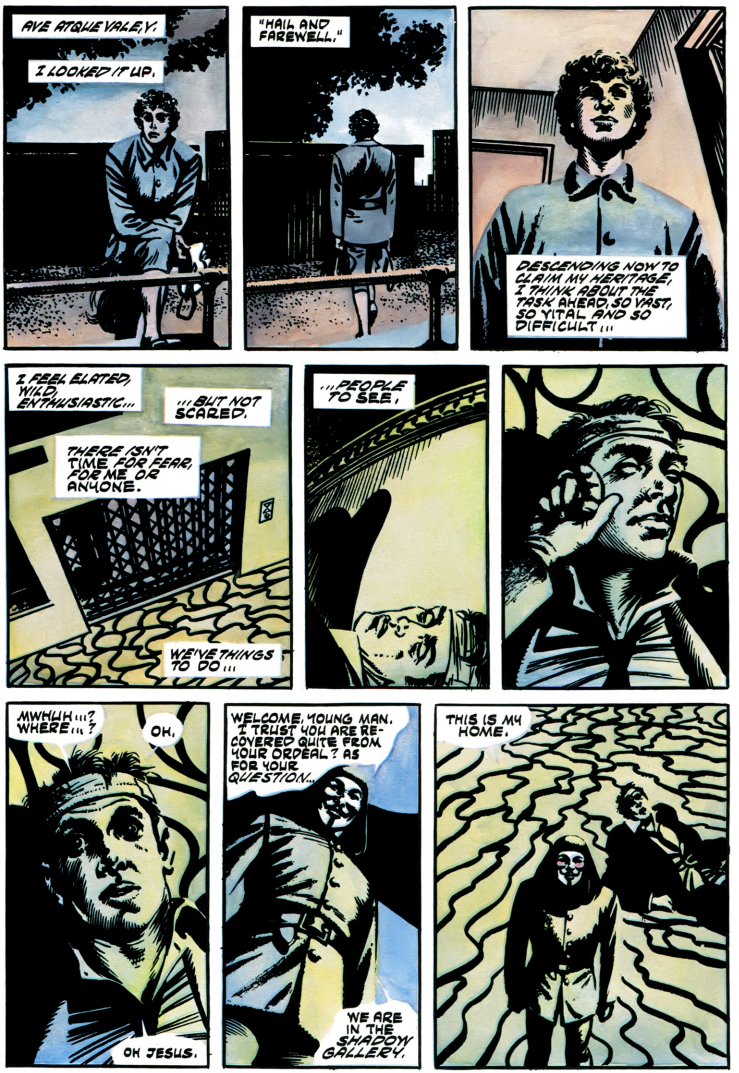

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...
NOT THEN...
...BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE. ABOUT THIS PLACE. YOU DID SHOW ME YOUR WILL...

...AND I'M SOLE BENEFICIARY.

IT'S TWO FOURTEEN. YOU'RE ALMOST THERE NOW, SPEEDING ON YOUR FUNERAL BARGE ALONG DEV SUBTERRANEAN CANALS...
DOWN THROUGH THE DARK TOWARDS YOUR DESTINATION...

...WHERE THE LINE IS BLOCKED TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES...

...RIGHT UNDER DOWNING STREET.


AVE ATQUE VALE, V.
I LOOKED IT UP.
"HAIL AND FAREWELL."
DESCENDING NOW TO CLAIM MY HERITAGE, I THINK ABOUT THE TASK AHEAD, SO VAST, SO VITAL, AND SO DIFFICULT...
I FEEL ELATED, WILD, ENTHUSIASTIC...
...BUT NOT SCARED.
THERE ISN'T TIME FOR FEAR, FOR ME OR ANYONE.
WE'VE THINGS TO DO...
...PEOPLE TO SEE.
MWHUH...? WHERE...?
OH.
OH JESUS.
WELCOME, YOUNG MAN. I TRUST YOU ARE RECOVERED QUITE FROM YOUR ORDEAL? AS FOR YOUR QUESTION...
WE ARE IN THE SHADOW GALLERY.
THIS IS MY HOME.

C'MON, JEANNIE ...
C'MON, WHASSAMATTER WI' 'ER? GISSA SHAG, AY?
NO! WHAT'S IN IT FOR *ME?* AND MY NAME'S NOT *JEANNIE!*
YUH GIVE 'IM ONE ...
HE HAD *FOOD*, TO REPLACE WHAT THAT RABBLE IN THE *CITY* STOLE FROM ME! WHAT HAVE *YOU* GOT?
'EH UP, WE'VE GOT *COMPANY*.
OH *GOD*, NOT *ANOTHER* ONE. HOW MANY OF YOU TRAMPS ARE *LIVING* OUT HERE? IT'S ...
WAIT A MINUTE ...
FINCH?
IS THAT *YOU*!?
MRS. HEYER?
OH *GOD*, *EDWARD* FINCH ISN'T IT?
EDWARD, I'M SO GLAD TO *SEE* YOU!
A MOB TURNED MY *CAR* OVER ON THE WAY OUT OF LONDON AND TOOK *EVERYTHING*!
I'VE HAD TO SHELTER WITH *THESE* LOUTS, JUST FOR PRO-TECTION...

BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE, THAT'S DIFFERENT. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU WEREN'T LIKE CONRAD OR ALMOND OR THE OTHERS.
YOU'RE LIKE ME. YOU'RE A SURVIVOR.
EDDIE, WE NEED EACH OTHER.
TOGETHER, WE CAN SALVAGE SOMETHING. THIS MOB AREN'T MUCH, BUT GIVEN TIME WE COULD BUILD A SMALL ARMY.
WE COULD RESTORE ORDER. OH EDDIE, WE CAN DO SO MUCH TOGETHER, YOU AND ME!!!
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
QUEER!
ALL YOU BASTARD POLICE, YOU'RE ALL QUEERS! GOD DAMN YOU, YOU!!!
AH, C'MON, JEANNIE, COME 'N' SIT DOWN WI' US.
'SSA WAY YET, 'TIL MORNING.
Hatfield and The North
M1

DC COMICS INC.

PRESIDENT
AND PUBLISHER
JENETTE KAHN

V.P.-EDITORIAL
DICK GIORDANO

EDITOR
KAREN BERGER

ASST. EDITOR
ART YOUNG

DESIGN DIRECTOR
RICHARD BRUNING

MANAGING EDITOR
TERRI CUNNINGHAM

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
BOB ROZAKIS

EXECUTIVE V.P.
PAUL LEVITZ

V.P.-CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JOE ORLANDO

V.P.-SALES
& MARKETING
BRUCE BRISTOW

CIRCULATION
DIRECTOR
MATT RAGONE

ADVERTISING
DIRECTOR
TOM BALLOU

CONTROLLER
PAT CALDON

R YOU
ICTION

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.